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**Christmas on Rocky Ridge.**

By A. H. GIBSON.

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IVY WAS HIS FAITHFUL LITTLE NURSE.

In a little solitary cabin, nestled like a bird's nest among the pines and cedars on Rocky Ridge, Milton Fisher was breathing his last.

Three persons stood by the bedside of the dying man—the old gray haired doctor from over in the valley and True and Ivy, Fisher's motherless children.

True was a robust, manly looking boy of fourteen, while his sister, two years younger, was a sweet, earnest faced child, with eyes like the violets blooming in the canyon, and hair like the warmest sunbeams gilding the crests of the Rockies. The old doctor's eyes were moist when they rested pityingly upon the children, so soon to be left orphans indeed, as they knelt and tearfully listened to their father's last words.

"True," the dying man said, placing his thin hand on the lad's brown curls, "you and Ivy stick to each other and stick to the little claim in the canyon. Try not to feel too lonesome when your dad's gone. Your Uncle Jim will come as soon as he hears the word. The doctor has given me his promise to write to Jim, and I know he'll come back and look after you. Remember to stick to the claim, for, mind I tell you, you'll find yaller dirt there some time. Stay here in the cabin till Jim comes; then he'll go to work on the claim. He'll find the gold, for it's there!"

And with his old faith in the valuelessness of the claim in the canyon strong as ever, Milton Fisher passed away.

It was a hard struggle for those lonely children to fight life's battle without father or mother. But they went bravely to work to make the most of their circumstances.

The Fishers were very poor. Two years before Milton Fisher, whose foot-steps hard luck had always seemed to do, with remorseless persistency, had joined an emigrant train, starting from Missouri to Colorado. They had brought nothing but themselves and a few household goods in a dilapidated looking covered wagon, drawn by one mule and a stout Indian pony.

After the father's death some of the settlers in the valley tried to persuade Ivy to leave the isolated old cabin on Rocky Ridge. But she would not go. When urged to do so she always said:

"No, True and I must stick together, 'cause pap said to. I know we're mighty poor, but we can work, and I know we'll get along some way till Uncle Jim comes."

True had intended to rent a piece of land in the valley and put in a small crop; but the mule fell from the cliff and broke its neck, so he was forced to do something else. He hired himself to a farmer three miles distant to help clear out some irrigating ditches. He did not receive a man's wages for his services, and considering the cost of living in that part of the west his earnings amounted to a mere pittance.

But Ivy was a little household economist, and they managed to get along much better than might have been imagined until True met with an accident.

While helping the farmer to split some timbers the ax had slipped, cutting his foot so badly as to lay him up for several weeks. Ivy was his faithful little nurse, and was ever ready to cheer him up when his patience showed signs of giving out.

It was in the fall of the year when True cut his foot. The deciduous trees began to shed their foliage, but Uncle Jim had not come yet.

The doctor had written three letters, addressing them to a frontier postoffice in Wyoming where Jim Fisher had been last heard from.

But no answer came back, and as Jim was a kind of rover, spending his time in hunting, trapping and mining, it was likely that he did not receive the letters. Now that True was disabled, the lonely young dwellers on Rocky Ridge felt their isolation and orphanage more keenly, and longed for the presence of Uncle Jim.

Autumn gave place to winter chill, but brought no tidings of the wanderer.

True's foot proved more obstinate about healing than had at first been predicted. A heavy cold added to his trouble, and Christmas eve found him still confined to the cabin.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed dolefully. "To-morrow's Christmas, and here I am of no account yet. I hope all along I'd be able to work before this and make a nice Christmas for you. It won't seem a bit like Christmas to be housed up this way. I mean to make it seem like old times to you, Ivy."

It was hard for the energetic boy to be there so helpless, and there was something very pathetic in one of his years calling up "old times." Ivy realized this in a vague kind of way, but resolutely repressing the tears she returned gently:

"I'd like to know what yer could do for me," he remarked scornfully.

"When Uncle Jim gets back we'll make up to you all you've missed by lying here so long."

"I don't believe that Uncle Jim is ever coming back, Ivy."

"Oh, yes he is. True! Don't lose heart so," she sought to encourage him.

"I hadn't ought to, I know, when you are so kind to me, and wait on me as if I was a baby. But I ain't much better; I've been penned up here so long with this sore foot," he said gloomily.

"Don't fret, True. We'll have a nice Christmas yet."

"I ought to be ashamed to worry when you are so patient, and I will try not to fret any more."

"Maye God won't forget us away up here on Rocky Ridge this Christmas. Now try to sleep, True." And kissing him softly she smoothed the covers over him. "You'll feel better when you wake up, then I'll give you some supper."

She sang softly about her simple household tasks, until the boy's regular breathing told her that he slept.

"Poor True!" she said to herself. "I wish I had something nice to cheer him up on Christmas. Not being well makes him feel more disappointed like. I do wish."

She laid aside the old stockings which she was mending for True, then she arose and went to the little window and looked out. Far up on the Rockies' barren heights were the vast accumulations of eternal snows. The sun, well down the western slope, touched them in dazzling opalescent colors. Something of the beauty and sublimity of the mountain scene stirred the soul of the little girl, and she murmured to herself:

"It is Christmas eve, and he was poor, too—was born in a manger, the good book says. But how lovely he has made the whole earth!"

Then her thoughts returned to True.

"If I just had something good for True's supper I'd feel a sight better. He's weak and discouraged like and don't relish potatoes, cornbread, and dried beef, and that's the best there is in the cabin. I might ride down to Buffles' store and ask him to let me have an apple or orange. I expect they're awful dear now and he's mighty close, but maybe if I go and ask him he'd let me have something for True. I hate to face old Buffles, he's so crusty; but it's for True, and I'll go."

Putting a few sticks of wood on the fireplace she wrapped an old faded napkin around her head and prepared to leave the cabin.

"He won't wake before I get back," she said, looking toward the sleeper. "I'll make Bonny travel her best."

II.



IVY WAS SOON SPEEDING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL.

Bonny was grazing in the canyon, where the sturdy shrubs and grasses managed to resist the chill of winter up on the ridge and the heights above the cabin. She was easily caught, and Ivy being an expert rider was soon speeding along down the mountain trail which led to Buffles' store.

Josh Buffles was a crusty old fellow, who kept a grocery and general notion store next door to a saloon in the outskirts of the settlement in the valley. The Fisher children had never dealt with Buffles. He was so close fisted and required such a great profit on all his sales that they had been obliged to do their trading at the small mining town seven miles distant from Rocky Ridge.

The air was sharp, and Ivy's thinly clad figure felt the chillness she was going to make the sick boy made her almost dumb to the discomfort of her long, cold ride down the mountain.

As she approached Buffles' store she noticed that the saloon next door was filled with rough men, drinking and profaning in a shocking manner.

She shuddered at the sight, and her first impulse was to ride away as fast as Bonny could carry her. But she remembered True, and dismounting she hitched the pony near the store and entered.

The store was quite deserted, save by the unprepossessing proprietor himself and a tall, lean boy who occupied an empty soap box by the rusty stove.

Buffles stood behind the counter, and as Ivy came toward him he fixed his hawkish gray eyes upon her with a stare that was repellent.

"Oh, sir!" she began, nervously fingering the ragged edge of the nubia, anxious to dispatch her business and hurry home, "my brother's laid up in the cabin—he's been sick a long time—and I want to get something nice for his Christmas, an orange or apple," and she looked longingly at the display of fruits and candies arranged on the shelves.

"Have you any money?" the merchant asked shortly.

"No, sir," and her face fell despairingly.

"Then how'd yer 'spect ter git anything? I've done doin' any credit busin'?" he announced savagely.

Ivy's face flushed hotly, but lifting her blue eyes appealingly to the man's hardened visage, she said: "You might let me have one o' them big oranges, and I could pay you in work for it."

"I'd like to know what yer could do for me," he remarked scornfully.

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FRIDAY ..... DECEMBER 26, 1891

## THE SAN FRANCISCO GRAND JURY'S REPORT.

The San Francisco Grand Jury, which has been endeavoring in the face of many obstacles to expose recalcitrance and bring the rascals to justice, has filed a report in Judge Wallace's Court, San Francisco, though the boulders and briars attempted by threats and injunctions to prevent it. A part of the report has been published. It opens with a statement of the facts in the legal controversy which resulted in the Supreme Court declaring that the jury was illegally impaneled.

It says the members of the Assembly intent upon strife do not appear to have been organized for plunder under the strict military discipline of the Senate. The Captain in the Assembly received more and the privates less than the average \$7,000 paid to each of the members of the Senatorial combine.

To all the shameful traffic in the Legislature, the Grand Jury says, there was no politics. The men were neither Republicans nor Democrats, but simply thieves. The price paid for votes at Sacramento was known to lobbyists and discussed at hotels and in bar rooms, and the report states that if the Supreme Court had not interfered the jury would have initiated measures that would have resulted in the permanent abatement of this evil, which threatens the very existence of Christian civilization.

The Board of Supervisors it finds to be controlled by political bosses, who demand blackmail from corporations, the penalty of refusal being a threat of adverse law or ordinance. This, the report designates organized brigandage, yet the corporations submit without a murmur, and only with the greatest difficulty could the jury induce them to divulge anything, for they allege that the Board of Supervisors would punish them if they squealed.

A director of a corporation testified that his company paid Buckley for five years up to the end of last month, stipend averaging \$400 a month, and in addition his concern had to pay to the bosses in one instance \$8,000 on the eve of election. It was understood that other corporations paid like tribute and that the bosses received \$100,000 a year from that source alone. It also appears that from a large number, probably reaching into hundreds, of employees of the city government certain percentages of their salaries were collected by the bosses.

It says Gibbon, describing the condition of Western Europe before the accession of Charlemagne, said he did not know whether there was more vice or less virtue, and that description would not be amiss to-day in California. The rapacious hordes should be driven into the sea, but the jury forced to the melancholy conclusion that unless the railroads refrain from participation in politics, there is no remedy.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

Christmas is a festival of the Christian Church which is observed to-day in every civilized country except Russia, which still adheres to the "old style" and observes Christmas eleven days later. It is supposed to be the anniversary of the birth of the Savior. Its institution is attributed by the decretal letters to Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D. 138. In the fourth century Pope Julius ordered an investigation concerning the day of Christ's nativity, about which considerable doubt existed, and the result was an agreement upon the 25th of December. During the Middle Ages the day was celebrated by dramatic mysteries and moralities performed by personages in grotesque masks and singular costumes. The feast of fools and of asses occurred at Christmas tide. It was a saturnalia in which libations and feasting were carried to excess, and everything serious was burlesqued.

In England in the castles of the barons a "Lord of Misrule" or "Abbot of Unreason," who was appointed at All-Hallow eve, held dominion during the Christmas festivities, which lasted ten or twelve days. The custom of decking houses with evergreens was derived from Druid practices, the belief being that sylvan spirits would flock to the evergreens.

In Germany and the north of Europe Christmas eve is devoted to giving presents, which are hung on a Christmas tree and generally distributed by Knecht Rupert, the German Santa Claus.

In the United States Christmas is observed by religious services and making presents. Christmas trees on which presents are hung are general, and churches and sometimes houses are trimmed with evergreens. Santa Claus, originally introduced by the Dutch settlers of New York, distributes presents from every Christmas tree and fills the stockings of good children with candies and other delicacies.

The Pilgrims who settled New England frowned upon Christmas as a superstition incident in the Roman year, and the Mayflower brought no Christmas tree across the Atlantic. In Virginia and Maryland, on the contrary, the day was celebrated by the Cavaliers as it had been in "Merry England," and masters and slaves observed it by feasting and rejoicing.

Up to the beginning of the present century Christmas was not publicly observed in New England, and Christmas

trees were unknown. Now the custom of giving presents and feasting is general throughout the country, and the day is a State and National holiday. It is a time of merry making and feasting, and the JOURNAL hopes that to each and all of its readers it will be a Merry Christmas.

The Christmas Gazette, issued last evening, is a very creditable number. It consists of twelve pages, much of the matter being original and interesting and some of the illustrations new.

## BY TELEGRAPH!

## News of Importance From Home and Abroad.

Frightful Railroad Accident—An Order Closing Monasteries Causes Trouble.

CITY OF MEXICO, December 24.—A collision occurred to-day near Chihuahua on the Southern Railroad, resulting in the death of twelve persons.

The District Judge recently issued orders to the police and troops for closing four monasteries in Puebla on the ground that the maintenance of these institutions is contrary to law. Upon the carrying out of the Judge's orders to-day the people revolted and a fight between the people on one side and the police and soldiers on the other followed, during which one person was killed and four others wounded. Accounts of the affair are conflicting. The clergy on one hand, assert that they were torn from the altar, leaving the sacrament exposed, dragged through the streets by troops and subjected to many humiliations. The populace arose in masses and offered considerable resistance to the troops, crying "Viva la religion, death to Masons." Twenty-six priests were arrested. Puebla is in a state of great excitement. Governor Marquez of the province is absent and acting Governor Arriaga, who is really responsible for the order, has sent an envoy to the City of Puebla.

The Feud of Two Brothers.

CARSON, December 24.—Lawrence Bidoux, a watchmaker, died yesterday of Bright's disease and will be buried to-day Tom Dempsey telegraphed to his brother, William M. Shattock of Sacramento, who wired back: "I have no brother that I know of in your city." When the Civil War broke out Lawrence turned to the South and William to the North. This action brought about a feud and both frequently passed each other on the street without speaking. William, in anger stated that he had disowned Lawrence as his kin and has ever since kept it up.

Conference of the Railway Telegraphers. SAN FRANCISCO, December 24.—Chief Ramsey of the Brotherhood of Railway Telegraphers of the United States arrived here to-day. On Saturday next a conference will be held by Ramsey and the grievances committee from Western Divisions, consisting of train men, operators, conductors, engineers and railway mechanics of the Southern Pacific and other roads for the purpose of asking the withdrawal of objections to railway employees becoming members of their orders.

Commencing Thursday Evening, Dec. 31, 1891.

THE WILBER COMPANY.

Supporting the versatile Actor.

JAMES R. McCANN.

And the charming Actress,

LIZZIE KENDALL.

A repertory of pronounced Comedy and Dramatic success, with a change of play night by night, the picturesque Southern Comedy Drama.

The Planter's Wife.

New Year's Matinee.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Friday night.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

Saturday Matinee.

THE TWO ORPHANS.

Saturday night, Mrs. A. E. Wilber's dramatization of Dumas' famous novel.

THE CLEMENCEAU CASE.

—

SCALE OF PRICES.

Admission 20c, 30c, or 40c; no higher. Seats now on sale at Pinniger's drug store.

ARCADE RESTAURANT AND ICE CREAM PARLORS.

The Portlands' Win.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 24.—The Portland had an easy victory over the San Jose team to-day, winning by a score of 7 to 1. The game was the last of the championship series and the receipts were given to the orphanage children.

Favor a Union With the United States.

LONDON, Oct., December 24.—At a public meeting held in Upper Canada, Ontario, last night a resolution was carried favoring a political union with the United States as a means of bringing prosperity to the people of Canada.

Russia to Support France.

ST. PETERSBURG, December 24.—The Russian Government has decided to support France in an application to the Powers to enforce Bulgaria's observance of the capitulation between France and Bulgaria.

Acquitted on the Grounds of Insanity.

NEW YORK, December 24.—John George Robt., the would-be murderer of Rev. Dr. Hall of this city, was acquitted to-day on the ground of insanity.

A Prize Fight in Idaho.

BONN, December 24.—Ruddy Brannon of Streator, Ill., knocked out Jack Flynn of Kansas City in fourteen rounds early this morning.

**Shut the Door.**  
You hear it constantly. People feel the draughts but they never think of the overdraughts upon nature which impair the digestive organs, and makes the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator necessary to effectually move the liver to action, and aid the digestive and assimilative powers of the body. The Regulator is the medicine for all disorders of the stomach. Try it and be convinced.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

We wish to inform the public that we keep the lowest priced house in town, where all kinds of refreshments, meals, lunches, fine liquors, native and foreign wines, draught beer, 5 cent cigars and well ventilated lodgings with good beds can be obtained. Our continued good business is in itself a recommendation, and we wish to increase it. Let all those come who have never come before, and those who have, now come the more. Stroh & Block, Commercial Row.

## Be Sure

You have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla but do not know how to do it. Any one who buys Hood's Sarsaparilla is bound to be successful, possessed by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation, curative power superior to any other article. A Boston lady who knew what she wanted, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other.

## Hood's

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their would last longer; that I might take it on ten days trial; that if I did not like it I need pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was. I had taken it, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other."

**Hood's**

When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable, suffering a great deal with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly stand. I looked, and had for some time, like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it. Mrs. ELLA A. GORE, 61 Terrene Street, Boston.

**Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists, \$1. six for 56. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

NEW TO-DAY.

M'KISSICK'S OPERA HOUSE.

JOHN PIPER.....MANAGER.

Three Nights, With New Year's and Saturday Matinees.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

## CARRIAGES AND PHAETONS.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED THE FINEST LOT of double and single Carriages, Buggies and Phaetons ever brought to this market.

—Agent for the Celestine—

Studebaker and U. S. Carriage Co.,

O F O H I O .

—A Fine Assortment of—

## FRAZER CARTS AND BUGGIES

I also carry a large stock of Iron Axles and Hardwood in endless variety, and do

A General Blacksmithing Business,

Shop, corner Fourth and Sierra Sts., Reno

Nevada. Give me a call and be satisfied.

W. V. LUKE.

## WASHOE BREWERY SALOON,

UNCLE STROH & BLOCK, Proprietors.

Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.

## WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

Bever on draught, 50 per Glass.

## CHOP HOUSE AND LUNCH STAND.

Meals cooked to order in the presence of guests by

an experienced cook.

## GOOD LODGINGS

STROH & BLOCK.

## FOR SALE OR TRADE.

## ONE STANDARD STALLION,

(NO. 7187.)

Duly registered in Wallace's American Trotting Register, under Rule 7, Volume 7. Foaled in 1882.

One family driving gelding. By Sir Baden and Lady.

4 years old, 15 hands, 1000 lbs.

Two 20-month-old colts, sired by Oran.

Merry Christmas to all!

The Advocate reports ten inches of snow at Austin.

No paper will be published from the JOURNAL office to-morrow.

The Postoffice will be open this morning from 9 to 11 o'clock A. M.

Miss Cora F. Angel went to Silver City yesterday to spend the holidays with her parents.

Henry Higgins arrived from San Francisco yesterday and will spend the holidays in Reno.

Bullion valued at \$35,000 from the Con. Virginia Mine arrived at the Carson Mint yesterday.

The Journal wishes each and all of its readers plenty of turkey and good digestion to-day.

An electric lamp which combines the principles of the incandescent and arc has been invented.

Sheriff Dunkle came in yesterday from Eureka with a prisoner and left for Carson on the local train.

Judge Cheney returned yesterday from Winnemucca where he had been holding a session of the District Court.

General Fowling has information that the ice is eight inches thick at the Essex Company's ponds above Verdi.

Several families had Christmas trees at their residences last evening loaded with handsome and valuable presents.

Go to the Reno Restaurant for your Christmas dinner to-day. Roast pig, turkey and chicken only 25 cents.

Last night was one of the coldest of the season. The weather experts say the cold may continue three or four days.

To-day being a holiday, the banks, Courts and public offices will be closed all day and the stores will close at noon.

In Chicago there are 3,000 saloons, making one for every 200 inhabitants. The churches average about one to every 3,000 people.

Mrs. Mary McGinley, the mother of Mrs. G. Hoskins, left yesterday for Bonaire, California, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Eglington.

Yesterday was one of the liveliest and busiest days of the year with store keepers. Everybody was buying something for Christmas.

There will be turkey shooting at the University December 24th and 25th, commencing at 10 A. M. by Bakewell &amp; Painter.

The grippe is epidemic in Elko and Austin and the papers report the names of several prominent citizens who are down with the disease.

The thanks of the JOURNAL are hereby tendered to one of Reno's oldest, ablest and most generous citizens for a quarter of fine, fat venison.

J. L. Wines and wife and their son Mell departed yesterday morning for Butte City, Montana, where the two former will remain until after New Year's.

The JOURNAL is indebted to O. W. Ayers for a jug of excellent cider, the pure apple juice, made from fruit raised in Reno. It is nectar fit for the gods.

Miss Nellie Haines, daughter of J. C. Haines, goes to Auburn, California, to-day on a short visit to her uncle, J. C. Smith, who is a resident of that place.

There are in the United States 207 women's colleges, with 25,000 students. A few years ago you could have counted the women's colleges on the fingers of both hands.

A gang of counterfeiters in Texas have been making silver coins of such excellent design and brightness that they have been commanding a premium among the colored people.

A second train load of raisins, consisting of twenty cars, each loaded with 25,000 pounds of raisins, left Fresno for New York last Wednesday by way of the Central Pacific.

Mr. Crocker of Wells, Wash., Washington, brother of Miss May Crocker of Glendale, arrived in Reno yesterday on a visit to his sister whom he has not seen for twelve years.

Miss Kate Fellows has tendered her resignation as adjuster in the Mint, and like many others who have held Federal or State positions in Nevada has gone to California to reside.

The JOURNAL acknowledges the receipt of a complimentary ticket to the Third Anniversary Uniform Ball to be given by Company C. N. N. G. at their armory New Year's eve, December 31, 1891.

Arthur Leonard, who embezzled about \$3,000 from Wells, Fargo &amp; Co. at Carson, has been indicted by the Grand Jury of Ormsby county, and his trial is set for January 19th in the District Court.

Professor Putnam of Harvard proposes to gather at the World's Fair in Chicago living representatives of every race of aborigines to be found on the American continent, in their own houses and costumes.

Those desiring to attend the Fredrick Orchestra masquerade ball at Carson this evening will leave for the Capital on the local train at 4:45 this afternoon, and return on the regular local train to-morrow morning. Tickets for round trip are only \$1.50 each, and if there are a sufficient number from this section to warrant it a special train will leave Carson when the ball closes.

## THE FREEDMAN'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

MARY S. DORR.  
Hear the joy-bells ringing, ringing,  
Christmas-tide has come again.  
Listen to the angels singing  
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Now a famed old eastern city  
Stood a cabin man and poor,  
Bending trees its path overhangs  
Threw deep shadows round the door.Here and there a pane was broken,  
Filled with rags, or patched with boards,  
Shingles loose and clap-boards hanging,  
Sheiter poor the house affords.Far from neighbors, lonely standing  
In a patch of stony ground,  
In decay it fast was falling;

Who had here a shelter found?

Just two old and worn out darkies  
Whom the Civil War had freed,Coming North in search of fortune,  
Here they found a home in need.But though free their lives were dreary,  
Harder growing ev'ry day,And their thoughts were ever turning  
To the old home far away.Still their light and cheerful nature  
Seized on ev'ry chance for mirth,Thus bright now we oft see springing  
From the darkness spots of earth.Twas a night in deepest Winter  
And the snow fell thick and fast,Here in drifts and mounds up-heaving  
Whirling there before the blast,And the trees their branches bending  
Clothes in robes of purplish white,Over the house their watch seemed keeping  
Through the dark and dreary night.While within, the poor old darkies  
Crouching o'er their scanty blaze

Tried to lose their present sorrows

In recalling by-gone days,

"Fore de Lawd! you poor old Dinhah,

Did you know I'se Crimian eve?

I forgot it till dis minnit!"

Dar now, Dinhah, don' you grieve.

"Yes, I know what you's thinkin',"

"It's a sorry Crimian cheer,

Him in dis cold Northern country

With no friends nor kinfolk near.

And you's thinkin' ob de dinner,

And do dancin' all de night,

And de good things Massa gib us.

Domesday days were berry bright.

"All day long I've been a thinkin'

As I wuked at aboh'lin' snow

Dat after all what we call freedom

Aint no bessin' to old Joe;

Here we wuk hole late and early,

Havin' nat'ur' lives to cheer,

We wuz fools, know I'll Dinhah,

When we lef' dat home so dear.

"Sho! I thought when in de city

Dat I saw Massa Gwage to day.

I wuk on de sidewalk a'w'lin'

He wuz ridin' in a slob'.

And he saw me as he passed me,

Turned and looked, dan turned again,

Course I don't think 'twas him shoredly,

Still I wish it might ha' been.

"Well, let's hab a tub supper,

Den I'll sing an old time song,

Taint no use to fack and worry,

Praps 'wont last so berry long,

Some folks say 'tis always darkest

Just before de dawn ob day,

If dat's so de sun should quickly

O'er our dark lives shed his ray."

Then he sang, this poor old darky,

Sang a song of love and praise,

Sang as if no thought of sadness

Ever came to cloud his day.

While his singing raised the echoes

Came silv'r tink t' clear,

As of sleigh bells' merry music

Faint at first, but drawing near,

Soon they heard it in the shadows

And slow ridin', poor old Joe

Through the windows a frosty curtain

Looked out o'er the world of snow.

"She now, Dinhah, who's old stoppin'

At our gate dis night o' night."

Up de pat' das' some one comin'.

Swing de doo' and show a light,"

Just then peepin' through the dark clouds,

Sent the moon a chearin' ray,

"Now your troubles all are over."

This is what it seemed to be.

In there came with stamp and bustle

One on whom they looked amazed;

"Massa Gwage!" exclaimed old Dinhah,

"Massa Gwage, de Lawd be praised."

"Yes, 'tis Massa Gwage, 'Aunt Dinhah,

Glad I am to find you, too;

Come to take you back to Dixie,

Uncle Joe, I've come for you,

Mother sent me, for sin misse,

You around the dear old home,

And she thinks perhaps you'd rather

Come to her than longer roamin'.

"Dress de Lawd! we's tired of freedom,

And will gladly go with you.

And we'll serve our kind old misse,

Eber faithful, eber true,

Dinhah, sure de clouds are passin'

And de brighter day has come,

Ye's true 'tis alway' darkest

Just before de day shall dawn."

Hear the joy-bells ringing, ringing,

Christmas time has come again

Listen to the angels singing

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

"THE PLANTER'S WIFE."

This Well-Known and Favorite Play to be Produced Thursday at the Opera House.

"The Planter's Wife" is the opening play selected by the Wilber Company to begin their three night's engagement at the Opera House, commencing next Thursday night. There is a change of bill nightly, and the repertoire is an excellent one. Of this company the Cheyenne Sun says:

A splendid production of the beautiful piece, "The Planter's Wife," was given at the Opera House last night to a large audience that was highly pleased. It is a romantic American play with a clear plot unfolding with intense action a strong story. Miss Kendall, the charming star, gave a finished interpretation of the trying leading character. She is an artist of rare ability. Mr. McCann is a sterling, earnest actor, and gave a masterly portrayal as Colonel Graham. His work is forceful and natural. S. Philco earned the enmity of the audience as the scheming villain, and to say this in the highest praise. Louis Egan was very acceptable in the comedy part. He resisted a strong temptation to overdo the thing, and made himself a favorite. Miss Gardner is a jolly soubrette, and withal handsome. Her talent in this direction is very marked, and friends are safe in predicting a fine career for her. Miss Wilber, Miss Martin, Walter Redmond and James Turner were equal to their parts. The costumes were fine, and the play was properly staged.

Pleasure and Comfort Combined.

The best arranged bath house and barber shop in the State. During the winter season I have placed stoves in each bath room so you can take a comfortable bath without the risk of catching cold. Try one and you will be satisfied. O. CONNELL,

Virginia Street.

## Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

## Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

## HYMNEAL.

## A Eureka Society Event.

One of the society events of Eureka to usher in the holidays was the marriage on Wednesday evening of Mr. Mortiz Scheeline of the Eureka County Bank to Aggie, the lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Hall, and one of Eureka's favorite young ladies.

The announcement of their betrothal only preceded the wedding a few days, and yet the high esteem in which the contracting parties are held in this community was plainly evident from the number of guests who attended the wedding ceremonies, and the number of rare and beautiful gifts bestowed upon them by admiring friends.

Before 8 o'clock P. M. the commodious residence of the bride's parents was filled to its utmost capacity with the numerous admirers of the bride and groom, anxious to extend their congratulations and add bon voyage to their entrance upon the matrimonial sea, and a more joyous and light-hearted assemblage it has never been our fortune to witness.

Precisely at 8:30 the inspiring strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March resounded through every apartment under the master touch of that "Princess of Pianists," Mrs. Henry Elkes, and immediately the wedding party filed into the drawing room, where the Rev. Mr. Bellem of the Episcopal Church was in waiting to perform the ceremony.

The groom, upon whose arm was the bride's mother, led the party, followed by the bride upon the arm of her father, and G. W. Baker and wife, who acted as lady's maid and groomsmen to the newly wedded pair.

The beautiful Episcopal ceremony was most solemnly and expressively pronounced by the rector of St. James Church and the responses from the respective parties clearly demonstrated that they fully appreciated the vows which shall hereafter make them one before God and man, and that their union is one of heart as well as hand.

The bride, always lovely, looked really bewitching dressed in pure white silk and orange blossoms, with elegant bridal veil which fell gracefully to the waist, and partially concealed the modest beauty beneath and extending entrail with the folds of the dress. She appeared what she really is, a fairy to gladden the heart of her fortunate possessor.

The groom was neatly and tastefully attired in a suit of black broadcloth fashioned after the most modern style for wedding attire, and as he responded to the interrogatories of the minister he excited the generous envy of his bachelor friends by his manly bearing, and the honest pride he exhibited in forsaking the pleasures of single blessedness.

Without wishing to detract from the many happy unions of which Eureka may proudly and truthfully boast, we can charitably affirm that Mr. and Mrs. Scheeline occupy a post of honor on the list out-ranked by few, if any, of their predecessors.

